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## RUTHRAUFF UP AGAIN.

A Glowing Account of the New  
Syndicate and Its Lands.

Pittsburg, July 11.—Mr. C. C. Ruthrauff, of Cleveland, the representative of the syndicate which has just been formed to locate and develop the Gogebic mines in the Lake Superior region, was in the city to-day. He left to-night for home, after having closed negotiations with the Pittsburg capitalists, who will be among the syndicate. It represents millions of dollars. The Pittsburg interested are the Isabella Furnace Company, Spang, Chalfant & Co., W. L. Van Kirk, H. H. Byram, and H. P. Ford. Chicago and the East also have many representatives in the syndicate, the largest holder of shares from the latter section being Mr. A. S. Upson, of Unionville, Conn. Hussey, Hoyt & Co. and the Union Rolling Mills represent Cleveland. The capital will be paid up in a few days, and the location of nineteen miles of ore lands will begin immediately. The development of these lands will be of incalculable benefit to Pittsburg manufacturers and others in various parts of the country. Experts who have been employed by the syndicate, Mr. Ruthrauff says, have found that the ores in the Gogebic region on the lands of the syndicate contain just enough phosphorus to suit Bessemer steel manufacturers, who now use mostly Spanish ores, which are imported in large quantities. It is the intention of the Gogebic syndicate to supply Pittsburg manufacturers with their ore at 50 cents a ton cheaper than the imported article, which will displace the latter entirely. The shipments last season from the Gogebic region amounted to 113,000 tons, and the opening up of four and a half miles of range will create an immense boom. Mr. Ruthrauff calculated that the shipments this season will aggregate at least 800,000 tons. "The shipping facilities are still in their infancy," said Mr. Ruthrauff, "but as soon as the railroad companies heard that the syndicate would open up lands, they all became competitors for the traffic. The Wisconsin Central will build a spur to the heart of the syndicate lands from Perkee, a distance of fifteen miles, and the Chicago and Northwestern has also let a contract for a line 40 or 50 miles in length from Escanaba to the range. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western line runs through the range now. The latter goes north, and the Chicago and Northwestern and the Wisconsin Central south, so we have important outlets at Milwaukee and Chicago, which will be our principal shipping points. You will remember," continued Mr. Ruthrauff, "that last season the manufacturers feared to put up new steel converters, but now the business will have a tremendous impetus. The converters erected since January 1 will require 800,000 tons of these ores alone. The Brier Hill Iron Works, at Youngstown; the Union Mills, at Cleveland, and other concerns in Pittsburg and elsewhere will use Gogebic ores altogether. When we get started we will give employment to thousands of men, and at the end of the month or at the beginning of August, the members of the syndicate will take a trip over the mine lands for the purpose of locating a village on the Potomac River, where the mines will be opened up first. We were quite lucky in our search for ore," concluded Mr. Ruthrauff. "The Cambria Iron Works of Youngstown and Carnegie from Pittsburg had an expert on the ground to report about the rich finds of Bessemer ore. They came back and said that the mines were poor and full of rock, and that some of them were said. The first mine we tested gave us a wonderful yield. We have got 2,500 tons of ore out of it so far—a bonanza for a salted mine, isn't it?"

## BILL NYE'S GARDEN.

I always enjoy a vegetable garden, and through the winter I look forward to the spring days when I will take my cob pipe and hoe and go joyously afield. I like to toy with the moist earth, the common squash bug of the work-a-day world. It is a pleasure also to irrigate the garden, watering the sourknot plant and the timid tomato vine, as though they were children asking for a drink. I am never happier than when irrigating my tropical garden or climbing my neighbor with a hoe when he shuts off my water supply by sticking an old pair of pantaloons in the canal that leads into my squash conservatory.

One day a man shut off my irrigation that way, and dammed the water to such a degree that I shut of his air supply, and I was about to get a dammed him up also. We had quite a scuffle. Up to that time we had never exchanged a harsh word. That morning I noticed that my early-rising horse-radish and my dwarf army worms were looking a little au revoir, and I wondered what was the matter. I had been gone several days, and was grieved to learn that my garden had a kind of blue-air, as though it needed rest and change of scene.

The Poland China egg plant looked up to me and seemed to say, "Pardner, don't you think it's a long time between drinks?" The watermelon seemed to have a dark brown taste in its mouth, and there was a dark gloom all over the garden.

At that moment I discovered my next door neighbor at the ditch on the corner. He was singing softly to himself:

Gd, yes, I'll meet you:  
I'll meet you when the sun goes down.

He was jamming an old pair of Rembrandt pants into the canal where they would shut of my water supply. He stood with his back toward me, and just as he said he would "meet me when the sun went down," I saw him cross the back of the neck with my hoe hand, and before he could recover from the first numb surprise and wonder, I pulled the dripping pantaloons out of the ditch and tied them in a lover's knot around his neck. He began to knock black in the face, and his struggles soon ceased altogether. At that moment his wife came out and shrieked two purely womanly shrieks and hissed in my ear: "You have killed my husband!"

I said, possibly, "I had. If so, would she please send me the bill and I would adjust it at an early day. I said that in a bantering tone of voice, and raising my hat to her in that polished way of

mine started to go when something fell with a dull thud on the greenward. It was the author of these lines. I did not know till two days afterwards that my neighbor's wife wore a moire antique rolling-pin under her apron. I did not suspect it till it was too late. The affair was kind of hushed up on account of the respectability of the parties.

By the time I had recovered, the garden seemed to melt away into thin air. My neighbor had it all his own way. While his proud bullock-ox and little Johnny jump-ups reared their heads to drink the mountain water at the twilight hour, my little low-neck summer squashes curled up and died.

Most every year I make a garden. I pay a man \$3 to plow it. Then I pay \$7.50 for garden seed, and in July I hire the same man for \$3 to follow the whole thing while I go and buy my vegetables from a Chinaman named Wung Lung. I've done this for eight years, and I owe my robust health and rich olive complexion to the fact that I've got a garden and do just as little as possible.

Parties desiring a dozen or more of my Shanghai egg plants to set under an ordinary domestic hen, can procure the same by writing to me and enclosing a lock of hair and \$10.

## THE CAT-BOAT "GOOT."

Its Remarkable Voyage of Eighteen  
Hundred Miles.

The New York cat-boat Goot, which has nearly completed its trip of 1,800 miles, dropped anchor at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Delaware River, opposite Cooper's Point, Camden. The owner, master and crew of the boat is Captain C. P. Kunhardt, formerly yachting editor of *Forest and Stream*. He has made the whole of the voyage, occupying nearly seven months, without another human being as a companion.

In November, 1885, Captain Kunhardt, who is the author of the book entitled "Small Yachts," determined to show the yachting world what distance a man could travel alone in a craft and yet enjoy himself. He purchased the Goot with a view of attempting the voyage of 1,800 miles. It is only twenty-one feet on deck, nine feet beam, and two feet four inches draught. It hoists twenty-one feet of sail, with twenty-one feet boom. It has a cabin about eight feet long, one side of which is fitted up for sleeping apartments, and the other side for cooking, carrying provisions, and shelter from gales. An oil stove, with a few gallons of oil, furnished him with heat through all the cold winter months. During his voyage of nearly seven months, he has slept on shore only three times. These were when his oil ran short, and to stay on board would have been sure death, owing to the extreme cold.

During his journey, his boat has been frozen solid in ice for weeks at a time, and he has encountered many vicissitudes. He has had remarkably good health during the whole of the voyage, and his weight has increased thirty pounds. He stated last night to a *Press* reporter, who visited him on his yacht, that he never felt better in his life, and will next fall make another trip. During the whole of the voyage, he was never once compelled to visit his medicine chest. The adventurous captain will continue his return trip to New York on the flood tide this morning, passing through the Harlan Canal. He expects to reach New York on Sunday.

He left New York on November 15th, and was towed through the Raritan Canal, a distance of forty miles, and was frozen up at Bordentown for four days. On reaching the Delaware, he sailed towards Windmill Island, where he made his first anchorage. From there he sailed to Delaware City, thence through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal to Chesapeake Bay, spending Christmas alone in his yacht in Herring Harbor. He sailed around Chesapeake Bay, visiting all the harbors and towns, and from there went to Hampton Roads and took refuge in Hampton Creek for two weeks, owing to tremendous winter gales. For two days he was afraid to move outside of his cabin, as the weather was so bitterly cold. When he was ready to sail, he had to cut his way out with axes, and his rigging was a mass of ice.

He then sailed to Norfolk and up the Elizabeth River to the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, which leads into the North River, and thence to the Albemarle Sound, where he spent six weeks in cruising, putting in at most of the towns, and investigating the prospects for game for the coming season.

He then sailed to Croatan Sound, between Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and visited the towns and villages all around its banks until he reached Neuse River, up which he sailed fifteen miles and then passed up the Beaufort and Newburne Canal until he reached Beaufort, 900 miles from home, where he arrived in May. He made Beaufort his headquarters until June 5th, when he commenced his return voyage over nearly the same course. He has had nothing but light winds nearly all the way on his return journey.

He says his expenses for food and everything have not averaged \$3 per week.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Soldier in the Days of 1777.

Here is a picture of one of the men at Valley Forge: "His bare feet creep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an old pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." And the snow was falling! This was one of the privates. The officers were scarcely better off. One was wrapped "in a sort of a dressing gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed cover." The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty; a few only had bayonets; the soldiers carried their powder in tin boxes and cow horns. The horses died of starvation, and the men harnessed themselves to trucks and sleds, hauling wood and provisions from storehouse to hut. At one time there was not a ration in camp. Washington seized the peril with a strong hand and compelled the people in the country about, who had been selling to the British army at Philadelphia to give up their stores to the patriots at Valley Forge.—St. Nicholas.

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